[ficlet] When Cupids Come Together

- May. 25th, 2011 at 8:56 AM

Title: When Cupids Come Together.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Dubcon of the 'x made them do it' variety. Also smut.
Pairings/Characters: cupid!Gabriel + cupid!Balthazar make Dean/Lucifer happen.
Word Count: 935 words.
Summary: Gabriel introduces Balthazar to a rarepair generator, and decides that whoever the generator turns up next will be who they get together. Lucifer and Dean suffer as a result.

Note: Originally written here for **theinsaneeraser** and **ravenspear**. This is such crack.

(Gabriel thinks it's the best idea in the world.)

Gabriel thinks it's the best idea in the world. Balthazar's still marveling over this internet thing, and this fandom thing, but Gabriel's already got the rarepair generator code up and running, and that means they've got their first assignment.

Dean wakes up to a house, instead of a cheap motel, the heavenly smell of pie drifting up from the kitchen, and a note on the nightstand.

The note reads 'Go downstairs, thank him for the pie and eat some, and you won't find Sam's head in your bed tonight. Love, Your Cupids XOXOXOXOXO'

("Isn't that too violent? He might hunt us down afterwards..."

"Excuse me. You're talking to the Master of Deathfaking here. I can deal with Dean, and believe me, this is the only threat that'll get him to do this without trying to shoot him first.")

Next to the note are little candy-hearts.

Dean closes his eyes and counts to ten. He still smells pie. His mouth waters, but

he counts to a hundred. Still nothing.

"Damnit."

There's nothing for it, except for him to go and find out who's baking that pie.

Downstairs, Dean discovers, is a nightmare. Wallpaper with hearts on it. Candy everywhere. The furniture is pink and red. It's like Valentines exploded in here, except that it gets worse.

Lucifer's the one in the kitchen baking pie, decked out in an apron with lace and 'Kiss the Cook' written on the front.

There's even glitter in his hair.

Dean stops in the doorway, notes that the pies on the counter are heart-shaped, and things 'ohhelldamnit'.

Lucifer looks up from the oven, blinks a few times, and stills.

("How'd you get Lucifer into that?"

"Drank him under the table, drugged him, and put a little mojo in the air so it'd wear off when Dean came down."

"Maybe I should get going."

"The pie has aphrodisiacs in, and Lucifer's been breathing in the fumes for the past hour."

"Yeah, um, I need to get going."

"He doesn't know it was me."

"You mean he won't know that he wants to kill us?"

"Yup."

"You're sure."

"One hundred percent."

"Do you mind if we watch this from another country just to be safe?")

Dean's just stuck, not even understanding what he's supposed to do now, when Lucifer crosses the room in a second and kisses him.

"Ack what what you I - mmph!"

Dean tries protesting, he honestly does, but Lucifer is *really* insistent.

He's pushed up against the doorframe, his hips are held by hands that have grips stronger than steel, and Lucifer's tongue is in his mouth.

Dean forces himself to think, and drives his knee into Lucifer's crotch.

Lucifer's grip weakens only for a moment, but it's enough for Dean to break free and get around the table.

He's breathing heavily and panicking, and the pie stills smell delicious, and that's when Lucifer's suddenly behind him and tackling him.

Dean finds himself pushed on the table, lands hands in pies (and thinks that it's a tragedy that he ruined such good pie) and there is Lucifer on him.

Lucifer licking him.

Dean doesn't know what happened to his clothes, one second they were there and the next they were gone, but Lucifer is just spreading his legs and pushing in, and Dean has never been so grateful for magic lube in his life.

Now, this is where Dean would be freaking out that Lucifer is naked and thrusting into him, but - the pie continues to smell good. He's even gotten a taste of the filling, just by licking his hand, and he feels *warm*.

Lucifer also feels good. Very good. Dean groans and thrusts back, gripping Lucifer's shoulders and it's just -

Lucifer's eyes are dark when he kisses him again, and Dean kisses back, with enthusiasm this time.

Then Lucifer grips his hips and angles in just so and Dean shouts, unprepared for the sensations pounding in him, and apparently the table isn't prepared either as it breaks under them, and abruptly Dean is a lot closer to the floor than he was, and Lucifer's still in him.

A broken table is no reason to stop, not when Lucifer's still moving and Dean's brain is trying to short-circuit, and Dean shouts, gone.

Lucifer's saying something, something that Dean has no hope of understanding, but Dean knows what a moan means, and even lost in his own pleasure he knows to kiss Lucifer, try to make it better for him, and suddenly Lucifer is jerking, coming with a shout that makes Dean's ears hurt, and Dean makes a strangled noise as he follows suit, coming onto Lucifer's stomach, and Lucifer pulls free of him, sitting back and panting.

Dean lies in the mess of broken table and ruined pies and enjoys the bliss of orgasm for a few minutes.

Lucifer lies on him, cuddles into his chest, and Dean can't remember why he needs to panic over this.

So he closes his eyes and lets himself rest.

After all, panicking now requires that he realize who he just had sex with, and he's not ready for that.

Approximately four hours later the house has been blown to smithereens and the only reason Dean and Lucifer aren't killing each other is because they've agreed to work together to find and kill the Cupids who did this first.

("What do you say to the beaches of Hawaii?"

"Not far enough away."

"Hmm...Mars?"

"Too brown. And not far enough."

"Pluto, then?"

"That's better, but...here. Follow me, I'll know when we need to stop running.")